

Nation

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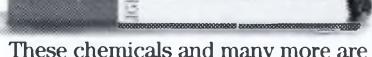
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January 25, 2002

Joseph Shecapio-Blacksmith

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ON THE COVER

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Photographer: Neil Diamond

Cover Design: Mona Laviolette



THE FIRST MONTH OF WORLD PEACE

In a move to bring some form of peace enforcement program, several Mohawk police officers have joined with the Chisasibi police to "clean up the town." Some people have embraced this bold move, but many others feel intimidated with the "Rambo" tactics of the imported security measures. I think that having a gun pointed to your head by an enforcer of the peace while tooling around the town with your family is just a bit too much and seems to be without reason. Perhaps we Cree are feared to be a bit too loose with gun-control measures and are considered to be a menace to society from an outside perspective. Albeit, the measures to cut down on access to uncontrolled excessive amounts of alcohol made easily available even to those under the legal age have my support. However, no kudos to the methods of enforcement. I still say that educated drinkers are better than drunks in jail, tying up the justice system with countless alcohol-related charges.

Perhaps the use of force will lead to drastic acts from the guilty such as reforming, but who knows? One day there may be world peace.

I went on the Internet and did some reading about the existence of god and found an interesting theory that said god was created to explain the evolution of conscious thought in man. Apparently, long ago when man was deemed to be simple, we acted in reaction to the environment and the mind was split in two separate functioning halves, with one half experiencing a "mirror" or "echo" effect of receiving information and having automatic reactions to the environment stored away in the other half. At some points, these preserved memories came back in the form of "voices" and could only be explained by the presence of an exterior source,

thus creating the need for god or great deity instead of evolution's bicameral mind theory. Interestingly enough, it seems to make sense.

On another note, a hunger strike was planned in Nemaska to demonstrate against the famed AIP – by my brother, no less. Good luck Rog! See you in fifty pounds or so. Oops, guess it was only a fast. I guess a referendum is out of the question and besides, who has the time?

The ptarmigan are making a great comeback after many scarce years and the caribou haven't really felt the effects of the great white hunters yet. But I say take advantage of the glut of proteins. Meanwhile, winter has come back with a vengeance after a speculative start of mild temperatures, it seems to be a unusually late freeze-up and cautions are red flagged to high speed snowmobilers around lakes and rivers. The bay's natural salt water tendency to freeze later is much more noticeable and have left people wondering what the spring will be like; will it be early again this year? Anyways, I enjoyed the milder weather and wouldn't mind if it didn't go below minus 30 this winter.

Talking about snowmobiling, I have a beef with Bombardier who have yet to design the ultimate hard working snowmachine. Do they think that the entire North has groomed snow trails? We live in tough and rough terrain and aluminum and plastic parts just can't cut it up here. I've had it with the cheaply made products that are designed with weekend use and a few hours per day. Perhaps the CTA could come with a wish list and send it to bombardier engineers to design the ultimate sled.

With the winter Olympics on the horizon and ready to broadcast from Salt Lake City, the mood of sports fans everywhere is that they will drive to get there instead of fly. We could push for the inclusion of Aboriginal sports such as snowshowing, woodsplitting and teaboiling!

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Nation



ELDERS MEET IN NEMASKA

Elders from all nine Cree communities arrived in Nemaska January 15 to discuss the AIP. Even though there were only six official delegates invited from each community, many more showed up. By the end about 100 were registered.

Chisasibi, which provided more delegates than any other community, shared what they experienced when their river was developed by Hydro Quebec in 1975.

The message was on the negative impacts on hunting, fishing and trapping that they experienced since the development. They were not for this AIP because they said that the diversion of the Rupert River would increase the flow of their river and the riverbanks were already eroding. They did not want anymore of this happening on their river.

Some of the other comments they made were that Hydro Quebec will tell you how much they will affect the land but what happens is that there is more damage than what Hydro Quebec says. They were warning the other communities that will be affected to take this into consideration when it is time to decide.

Some of the other delegates showed support for the AIP, but there were very few of them compared to the number that spoke against the deal.

The Grand Council arrived January 11 and made a presentation on the final draft on the AIP. The presentation took about six hours and the elders appeared very tired.

Grand Chief Ted Moses told the elders that this was a deal that every Aboriginal nation across Canada was dreaming about. He said he was convinced that this is the best deal for the Crees to sign.

When talking to some of the Elders individually they said they were not sold on this AIP. They mentioned that it was not a good deal for the Crees on the basis of the damage it will cause to the

land, and to hunting, fishing and trapping.

A community feast was organised for the elders and the Grand Council after Friday's presentation.

Meeting Chairman Smally Petawabano's opening remarks January 12 startled the crowd when he announced, "If there should be anyone to speak up concerning the AIP, that would make you confused or play with your mind. Let the Grand Council know and they will be taken out."

Bertie Wapachee, the Chairman of the Cree Health Board, got up after the opening remarks and spoke to the elders. His message was that he was sad to see how the leadership was using or abusing the elders' role on issues surrounding the AIP.

He spoke to the elders from the heart and some people in the room broke down. Some had tears in their eyes.

He told the elders not to worry too much about the youth concerning the AIP even if it does not go through. He told the elders that he had a lot of confidence in the youth and that they will find ways to find employment or create employment even if the AIP is not signed.

He told them of his own experience. He did not just sit back to find employment but looked hard and eventually found work. He didn't tell the elders not to approve the AIP, but to decide from their hearts and think about his message, the message coming from a youth, or a young man.

The elders have not finished their meetings and will continue on to Whapmagoostui when the Grand Council is there to complete the tour.

Overall, most elders did not support the AIP. The elders who spoke up were very passionate about the land, saying that it was a gift from the Creator, and that the land was entrusted to us and so should not be sold. Approximately 75 to 85 per cent of the elders appeared to be against the AIP.

Lindy Moar

Quebec's Man of the Year

Grand Chief Ted Moses was recently named the most influential man of the Year in Quebec by the French-language newsmagazine *L'Actualité*. The magazine says that they chose ten people who have attracted attention and have had an impact on society that will change lives. Moses was number one on their list because of the AIP.

Moses is certainly popular on the provincial political circuit for his stance in promoting the AIP and downplaying opposition to it. At a conference of the Association de l'industrie électronique, Moses said, "There are few opponents, but they speak loudly."

He was speaking of the press coverage, which brought out the fact that not all Crees support this deal. Moses has said his commitment "toward my people is to let them make the final decision."

Moses and his 15-member team are making a last round of the communities to convince the Cree people to accept the deal.

Eagle Feathers In Space: This Fall

The first Native American to travel in space plans to carry eagle feathers to the International Space Station. John Bennett Herrington, an Oklahoma-born Chickasaw, wants his journey to be an example to other Native Americans. The naval officer and former test pilot will go to the station in August.

"I've had a chance to go back to folks in Oklahoma and sit down with kids who are Chickasaws and tell them my story," the 43-year-old told Rocky Mountain News.

"They seemed to really identify with it and it was a chance for them to realize this was within the realm of possibility, where before they might not have thought it was. It's important for people to realize that anything is possible."

Clarification

Hello again, Editor!

Ah....I have been politically naive. When I expressed appreciation for David Seagal's article about the Rupert River, it did not occur to me that I might be seen as being against the agreement. Any opinion I might have about the agreement I keep to myself. This is a Cree decision. As the minister in Wemindji I just lead my parishioners in praying for the chiefs and negotiators - praying that the best decision will come out of it all. Amen!

Rev. Christopher Davis, Wemindji

Just a thought from over here

I have been following with great interest, from Europe, the debate regarding the Rupert River. I have thoughts about it which I wanted to share, but then I think, "Who am I to talk about this issue, being a white

woman, living in Spain?" Then I remember, with much fondness, the years I spent collaborating with the Cree Nation, 8 years ago and wish to continue sharing, listening to those voices of a place and people from which I learned so much, of a place and people I still miss.

I understand the pros and the cons of the Rupert River issue. But there is something else about this issue that worries me. Yes, there are some hard decisions to be taken, in any society, on how to finance itself, how to make sure enough money is coming in to function. Yet, an equally important issue is how that revenue is used. In all societies I see financial management which does not take into account the long-term. White Capitalist society tends to spend in ways which do not think of "the next seven generations," thinking that incoming revenue will be endless (as companies will continue to make profits, as taxation continues, as debts grow). If a river is to be sacrificed to support a nation, perhaps a long reflection and

debate on financial management, planning and priorities, is necessary.

In most societies, when there are resources (financial or otherwise), they are used up right away. There is a saying here, in Spain: "Bread for today, hunger for tomorrow."

In most societies, we, the citizens, don't count, we can't give our opinion on our government's resource and financial management. In the Cree Nation, now faced with this hard decision, there is the space to dialogue on what has been learned on financial management from the past few years, both the successes and the difficulties.

I am in no position to give advice except for this: don't follow white society's example of living as though there is no tomorrow.

Meegweetch for listening to me,
Clara Valverde,
Barcelona, Spain

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CONSULTATIONS TOUR NEWSBITES

The January meeting of the Cree Nation Youth Council was postponed until Monday January 21st. This was done as an act of respect as Grand Chief Ted Mosses Mother-in-law passed away. The original two-day meeting has been shortened to one day.

Selling the Youth on the AIP will be a tough nut for the Grand Council to crack. Before the meeting broke up about 150 delegates were

asked if they supported the deal.

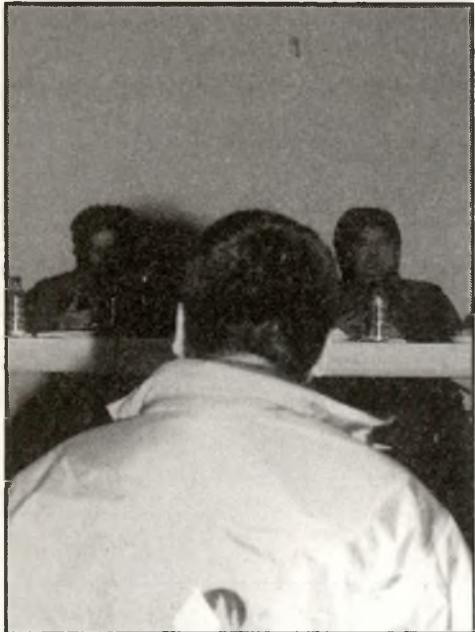
Out of approximately 150 Youth gathered only 1 hand went up in support. Cree Youth delegate Pakesso Mukash said he expects when the meeting takes place on Monday that the Grand Council will be asked some hard questions. "We will be respectful but this is about the future of the Cree Nation," said Mukash. He also said that the response of Youth or whether or not they support the deal with Quebec shows that the GCCEI comment that a majority of the Youth supports the deal may need rethinking on the part of the Grand Council.

Another of the Youth delegates, Jeremy Diamond has already been asking hard questions at the community consultation meeting in Nemaska. Diamond embarrassed the chiefs when he asked them to explain the formula the GCCEI say would give the Crees so much money. None of the chiefs, including the Grand Chief, could do so. Diamond then asked two different GCCEI team members to calculate the figures given at separate times. The answers were different each time. Diamond has said that according to his calculations that Crees would never get more than the base of \$70 million.

Roger Orr, a Nemaska resident, says he admires Diamond because he quit school to make he was part of the process of deciding the future of the Cree and the AIP deal.

Orr says that he and others are planning to talk to Robert McCullough, author of the McCullough report about Diamonds analysis of the

revenue sharing formula. The McCullough report was an analysis of a proposed Rupert River and potential Eastmain River diversions and was paid for and commissioned by the Grand Council. Orr says this is one of the reports that should have been made available to the people when they were being consulted by the GCCEI. "It's our report, Crees paid for it," he said.



Orr said one of the things that jump out at you is that McCullough finds that the Quebec government poorly understands or doesn't understand the electric industry given their predictions and figures. The reservoir level is lower than expected and Quebec has made electricity commitments based on their water flow predictions. The problem is that Hydro Quebec estimates inflows by averaging past amounts of water inflow into the reservoir.

"It is like the weatherman predicting weather based on what happened last year," said Orr.

The Quebec government is searching for additional supplies of electricity because they'll need it if they want to renew wholesale contracts. A couple of options are available according to the report. Quebec can attempt to negotiate a deal with Newfoundland regarding hydroelectric operations in Churchill Falls but the Newfoundland government bases its negotiations on economics and the U.S. market – meaning they are sophisticated bargainers and has an aggressive negotiating stance. Another option is the diversion of the Rupert's River into the La Grande project, which would more than bring the flows up to levels first envisaged. Crees are seen as being less sophisticated and easier targets. Basically the report says that for the Crees to accept the HQ Rupert's River diversion project back in 2001, the Cree would essentially pay for the destruction to the land themselves the deal was so bad.

Orr is hoping to find out if this is the case with the AIP.

by Will Nicholls

BRIEFS

Otish Mountain a diamond site?

Even Wemindji's diamonds didn't set off this kind of rush to stake and claim the area. Aston Mining and Soquem Inc said in a report that a 205-kilogram sample from exploration at Otish Mountain yielded 5 macro and 54 micro diamonds. Another 163-kilogram sample saw 29 macro and 116 micro diamonds.

This was exciting enough to have people and mining companies stake more than 5,000 claims in a 28,000 square-kilometre area. A regular year sees about 50,000 claims registered in Quebec. The three-week run on the Otish represents 10 per cent of the annual average, showing the interest and speed in which people are responding to this find.

Many analysts are saying this will provide a jumpstart for mining exploration, which hasn't been doing well.

Of course further work has to be done before anyone actually starts up a mine but people are saying that initial results are much like the findings that led to the diamond mines in the NWT.

According to Marlene MacKinnon of the Mistissini Geological Centre, the interest in diamonds is high because metals such as gold, platinum and cadmium have all declined in value. She said that the number of claims should bring a lot of work in exploration. "SOQUEM hired people from Mistissini to work with them last year so we are hopeful this will bring employment for the 2002 exploration season," MacKinnon said.

The claims have to be shown as being developed to some extent in two years to keep the claims in good standing.

New Years' Rumble A No-Go

It was a shock to some Mistissini residents to hear Chief John Longchap warning people about the possibility of violence on New Years' Eve over the local community radio station. Apparently there are two gangs in Mistissini. Police were ready for the evening deputizing eight people to assist in patrolling on New Years Eve. Thankfully the rumoured fight didn't happen as cooler heads within the gangs didn't feel that the open violence would help anybody. The police were prepared and were thankful nothing occurred to disturb the peace.



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English Translation

Dear Grand Chief Ted Moses,

I am writing to formally give you my comments about the Agreement in Principle (AIP).

In my opinion this act is what Robert Kennedy, Jr. referred to in the movie *Power; One River Two Nations*: "(a) re-enactment of what has happened to First Nations for 500 years."

Let me explain exactly what I mean: without the Cree Nation's natural resources the PQ could not gain the power to secede from Canada. The PQ know that they are the major political party in Quebec, but they also know that they are the minority in regards to land and natural resources. The PQ's power is centred in the region of the Saint Lawrence Seaway. This is a resource poor area with the exception of the commercial ports along the Seaway including but not limited to Montreal and Quebec City. The PQ know that for secession to become a reality, the commercial viability of the Saint Lawrence Seaway may be jeopardized by Canada at the Maritime Provinces and Ontario. Ultimately, I believe that the PQ have realized that they need the Cree Nation on their side as well as our water resources, our mineral, our hydro-electric potential, our logging resources, our lands for development and all other resources available for exploitation.

The PQ have again become the wolf in sheep's clothing. They have realized that their tactics for the last 27 years have not given them control over Cree Nation and our natural resources. Control of the Cree Nation will lead to control over our natural resources. If the PQ can gain control of and market our resources as commodities on the international market they will be able to generate the power and money needed to secede from Canada, thus creating the sovereign and independent nation they have been dreaming about for the last 27 years.

This threat puts the entire Cree Nation at risk. If we sign the AIP we are sanctioning the PQ, implying it is OK for the PQ to secede from Canada. If they accomplish this end we will have no

rights under our current Nation State status with the United Nations and our rights under the Federal Government will also be compromised.

What will be gained by signing away the rights to the land? What exactly will the Cree get from the AIP? If we sign the AIP we will lose our Nation State status. For what? To finally be recognized by the PQ? We are already recognized by the UN and Canada. We will have no recourse with the Federal Government when the PQ fails once again to fulfill another "Agreement" like they have for the past 27 years with the JBNQA. And what if the PQ does secede? The UN won't recognize us either because we will then be viewed as a revolutionary separatist movement.

Should we make friends with the PQ so that they will gain access to Cree natural resources, leading to power and money, and their final goal of secession?

Why all of the sudden is there a change of heart after 27 years of legal battles? A new relationship between the Cree and the Quebecois? Quebec Premier Bernard Landry is up for reelection. He said that his goal was to make Quebec a sovereign and independent nation. Has this changed all of the sudden? I don't believe so.

The best predictor of future behaviour is past behaviour. The provincial government of Quebec has demonstrated its disregard for the Cree Nation by its ACTIONS as well as its words. The Ministry of Environment refuses to consider and act on contamination from mines (which as you know has had devastating effects on the Ouje-Bougoumou community, and probably has similar effects elsewhere). As our consultants have also shown, the Ministry of Health has failed to demonstrate appropriate concern – or even scientific expertise – for the members of our population who have been harmed by mine contamination. Although the AIP pretends that the Cree will be treated as citizens of Quebec, these practical actions of the provincial government show that they treat us in a manner inconsistent with decent standards of health and public policy. Indeed, one of our American consultants (Professor Masters of Dartmouth College) has suggested that, BEFORE we even discuss or vote on the AIP, the Cree Nation should insist on a commitment from the Quebec government to test and treat our population for toxins from mining as well as to remediate mine contamination.

I believe that the AIP is a ploy by the Quebecois led by Premier Landry (who clearly states his separatist political position) to gain control of Cree resources, and therefore gain the power and money to secede from Canada leaving the Cree Nation once again to suffer at the hands of the Quebecois. The Quebecois need another way to gain control. The tactics of the last 27 years are not working for the PQ.

I believe it makes them nervous that our people are beginning to get international attention and recognition in places like Durban, South Africa, the United Nations, at the Expo 2000 in Hannover, Germany, and with the recent discovery of the "toxic crisis in Ouje-Bougoumou." Premier Landry and the PQ realize that a new tactic is needed to "conquer" the Cree people and our resources in order to get the power and money needed to secede from Canada.

Do we need to sign our rights away to become recognized by the PQ? What is the benefit? Aren't we already recognized by the UN, Canada and by the rest of the world as a Nation State? Quebec is a province and not a country.

Joseph Shecapio-Blacksmith, Environmental Coordinator, Ouje-Bougoumou Cree

Shiikuish

Told by Job Kawapit

I'll tell the legend of Shiikuish. She was an old woman. She adopted a girl and raised her. Later on, she had two sons of her own. She raised the young girl and the girl turned into a young woman. This young woman considered Shiikuish her mother. She got married. Shiikuish's step-daughter got pregnant. When it was time for the baby to be born, she had a son.

Shiikuish lived in a separate lodge. The others of the camp called out to Shiikuish, "Your grandson is born!" After a while, Shiikuish told her sons to fetch her grandson; "I want to kiss my new grandson." The two young boys rushed into the lodge next door and announced that Shiikuish wanted to see her grandson. They took the baby over. The baby stayed at Shiikuish's lodge during the day. When night fell, a few youngsters were asked to bring back the baby. When they walked into Shiikuish's lodge, the lodge was empty.

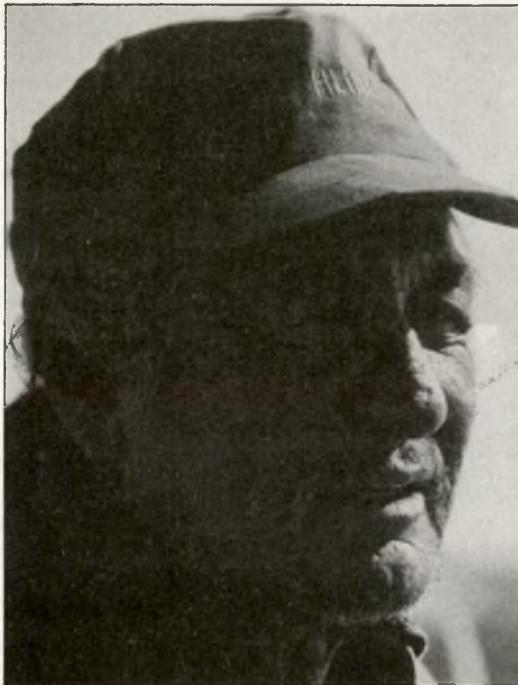
Shiikuish had disappeared with her two young sons and the newborn baby. Everyone knew that she had kidnapped the baby.

The young mother cried and her husband was also very depressed. She sobbed to her husband, "Try to get our son back." But the husband responded, "I can't. But if you were determined, you'd get him back yourself." After weeping over her loss of their child, the young woman said, "I'll get our baby back." She began to get ready for her quest to get her baby back. She packed her skin scraper, her husband's flint, his awl, his knife sharpener, his crooked knife and a beaver tooth.

She went over to Shiikuish's lodge and looked around. She investigated all her tracks but they didn't lead anywhere. She noticed that Shiikuish had removed one of the entrance bundles in her lodge. One of the twigs was broken. This was the way she burrowed out of the lodge. The young woman followed and eventually found her tracks in the distance. The young woman followed Shiikuish's tracks. For

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many days, she followed. She saw the spots where Shiikuish had stopped to make a fire to snack and the spots where she camped for the night. As the young woman walked on, she began to see tracks of a small child running around as Shiikuish traveled. Shiikuish was making her grandson grow up fast. She was giving him urine to drink and this was what made him grow up very quickly. For days, the young woman continued following Shiikuish's tracks. She noticed by the tracks that the young child running around was turning into a young man and was now leading the way. The young man leading Shiikuish's group was the baby she just had. The young woman was getting closer to Shiikuish.

Shiikuish knew the young woman was on her trail. The young woman finally reached Shiikuish's camp. As the young woman approached the lodge, Shiikuish came out. The old woman Shiikuish called out, "Shiikuish, don't come any closer! It would be better if you camped right where you're standing! If you catch sight of my son, his hunting skills will be no more!" The young woman began making her lodge.

When the young man returned from hunting, he saw a second teepee standing a little ways from their lodge. It was a beautiful teepee. He noticed that the woman who had made it was very strong and in good health. He entered Shiikuish's lodge because he thought Shiikuish was his mother. He said, "Mother, a stranger has reached us." Shiikuish responded, "A stranger? My son, that person who reached us is an evil one. Don't go to her. Don't go into her lodge. She is called Shiikuish." She was lying. She was the one called Shiikuish. The young man thought, "I wonder why does my mom calls the stranger an evil one, but her lodge is very well made and her firewood is all stacked neatly."

When they got ready for sleep, the old woman Shiikuish laced up her door flap to keep the young woman from seeing her son. One night, the young woman cast a spell and thought, "I wish my son will have the desire to come and see me." As soon as she made the spell, the young man had a strange feeling to go and see the stranger in the other lodge near by. He thought, "I'll go and see her. See what she does." As they got ready for bed, Shiikuish began lacing up her door flap. The young man said, "Mother, don't tie it up too much. I have a bad case of diarrhea. I'm sure I'll be going out frequently tonight. If I'm in a rush, I won't be able to untie all the strings in time." "OK, my son. I'll only tie this one. Just pull this one string if you want to go out." They all settled down for the night.

Night fell and the young woman in the other lodge did not go to bed. She had some crushed caribou bones and decided to make some broth. She boiled the bones. She was preparing to meet her son. When the young man knew that his mother Shiikuish was asleep, he got up and got dressed. Shiikuish kept snoring away. The young man went out and approached the lodge of his real mother.

As the young woman sat in her lodge by the glow of her fire, she heard someone walking toward her teepee. It was her son entering. He was very tall now. She spoke out, "Here is my son coming in." She said, "My son, I am your

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real mother. That old woman took you from me when you were born. I am your true mother. She probably calls me Shiikuish but she is the one named Shiikuish." She continued, "If I was the one raising you, you'd still be a little baby. The reason why you grew up so fast, she gives you urine to drink. It's the urine that made you grow up very rapidly. Drink this water. Have a taste. This is what people are supposed to drink." The young woman dipped a cup into the broth and handed it to her son. The young man drank it and loved the taste of it.

The young woman told her son, "In the morning, go hunting. Look for a moose. When you find the tracks of a moose, chase it far away. Kill the moose when it's very far away from the camp. Make sure you let the meat and the hide freeze all stretched out. When you come back home, come back in a different direction. Even if you kill just one moose, tell your supposed mother that you've killed two moose - one for her and one for me. Shiikuish will follow the tracks of when you left and I'll follow your tracks of when you came home. Tell her that hers is near by." The young woman asked her son what Shiikuish liked best of the moose. He answered, "She loves the tripe." The young woman told her son to hang the tripe up in a tree and to tell the tree to stretch when Shiikuish wanted to take the tripe. The young mother continued, "When you return home and she gives you a drink, just take a sip and throw away the drink. Tell your little brothers to come and get a drink from me." After giving him all the instructions, the young man returned to Shiikuish's lodge. Shiikuish was still fast asleep. She was totally unaware of what was going on.

Dawn broke and young man got up. He got ready to go hunting. He left. He soon found tracks of a moose. He reached the moose and began to chase it. He didn't shoot his arrows at the moose. He flushed the moose far away from camp. After a long time of chasing the moose, he drove it back towards camp a little bit and began to shoot his arrows at it. He killed it and proceeded to skin and butcher it right there. He cut up the carcass into big wide pieces. He laid out the meat to freeze and he didn't fold the skin. He let the moose hide freeze into a big sheet. He hung the tripe up in a tree and told the tree, "Stretch yourself when Shiikuish wants to take her tripe." After butchering the moose, the young man headed home.

When he reached home, he announced to Shiikuish, "Mother, I've killed two moose, one for you and the other for Shiikuish. Hers is far away and yours is near by." The old woman Shiikuish called out, "Shiikuish! My son has killed two moose! One for you and one for me! Mine is near and yours is far away! Now, we'll be sure to eat!" The old woman Shiikuish gave a drink to the young man. It was the same urine that she gave him all the time. The young man took the cup and put it to his lips and just threw away liquid in the cup. "This stuff I drink always tastes so filthy. Go ask Shiikuish for something for me to drink." The two young boys ran into the other lodge and said, "Our older brother wants something to drink." The young woman gave them some broth. Shiikuish said, "My foolish son, why did you do that for? It is the singed feet of the deer that I made

real mother. That old woman took you from me when you were born. I am your true mother. She probably calls me Shiikuish but she is the one named Shiikuish." She continued, "If I was the one raising you, you'd still be a little baby. The reason why you grew up so fast, she gives you urine to drink. It's the urine that made you grow up very rapidly. Drink this water. Have a taste. This is what people are supposed to drink." The young woman dipped a cup into the broth and handed it to her son. The young man drank it and loved the taste of it.

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broth from, that's why my broth tastes bitter."

The young man said, "Mother, you'll follow the tracks of my return and Shiikuish will follow the tracks of my departure. I chased the moose back towards camp for you."

Shiikuish called out again, "Shiikuish! You will follow my son's tracks of when he left and I'll follow the tracks of the way he returned! We will go early in the morning! We'll get our moose!" The young woman agreed.

The next morning, the old woman called out, "Shiikuish, I'm ready to leave!" The young woman said, "OK. I'm just about ready to leave too." The old woman Shiikuish was on her way and the young woman left also. As Shiikuish walked away to get her moose, she saw the young woman getting her toboggan ready and putting on her snowshoes. When the young woman was in the forest, she took her husband's crooked knife and carved off a small piece of her toboggan and a small piece of her snowshoes. She put the pieces on the trail of her son and said, "Wherever Shiikuish will be during the day, make the constant sound of me traveling." She turned back home.

The young woman headed for Shiikuish's lodge where her two young sons were. The young woman killed Shiikuish's two young sons. Shiikuish had some oil saved. She rubbed the oil in the mouths of the two young boys and she propped up their bodies as if they were peaking out of the doorway. The young woman greased everything Shiikuish had. As she greased each object, she said, "Don't tell Shiikuish. Look, I'm feeding you." She also went outside to the places where Shiikuish got firewood and the trees where Shiikuish got boughs for her flooring. The young woman rubbed grease on everything Shiikuish owned. But Shiikuish had an old bag where she kept her old comb. This was the object the young woman forgot to grease. The young woman got ready to leave and she took her son. He was the size of a baby again – the size he was supposed to be.

Shiikuish kept walking towards her moose. She walked for a long time. Shiikuish walked far. She wondered, "This far? But I was told it was near by." She paused for a moment and listened. She heard the sound of what she thought was the other woman walking on the other path getting her moose. She said to herself, "Shiikuish will be walking for a long time." She kept walking and she finally reached her moose.

She looked at the butchered moose with a frown because of the way her son had butchered it. All the meat was cut wide and was frozen solid. The moose hide was all spread out too and was frozen solid. "Why did my son do that? Maybe he was told to do this." She was getting suspicious. She packed the meat and hide onto her toboggan and left. She had a hard time pulling her toboggan since everything was all wide and completely frozen and her load didn't fit between the trees. She kept on walking with a lot of difficulty.

She was already gone far away. She then realized, "I didn't see my tripe. When I packed my meat, I don't think I saw my tripe." She rummaged around in her packed meat on her toboggan and she didn't see it. "I'll go back and get it.

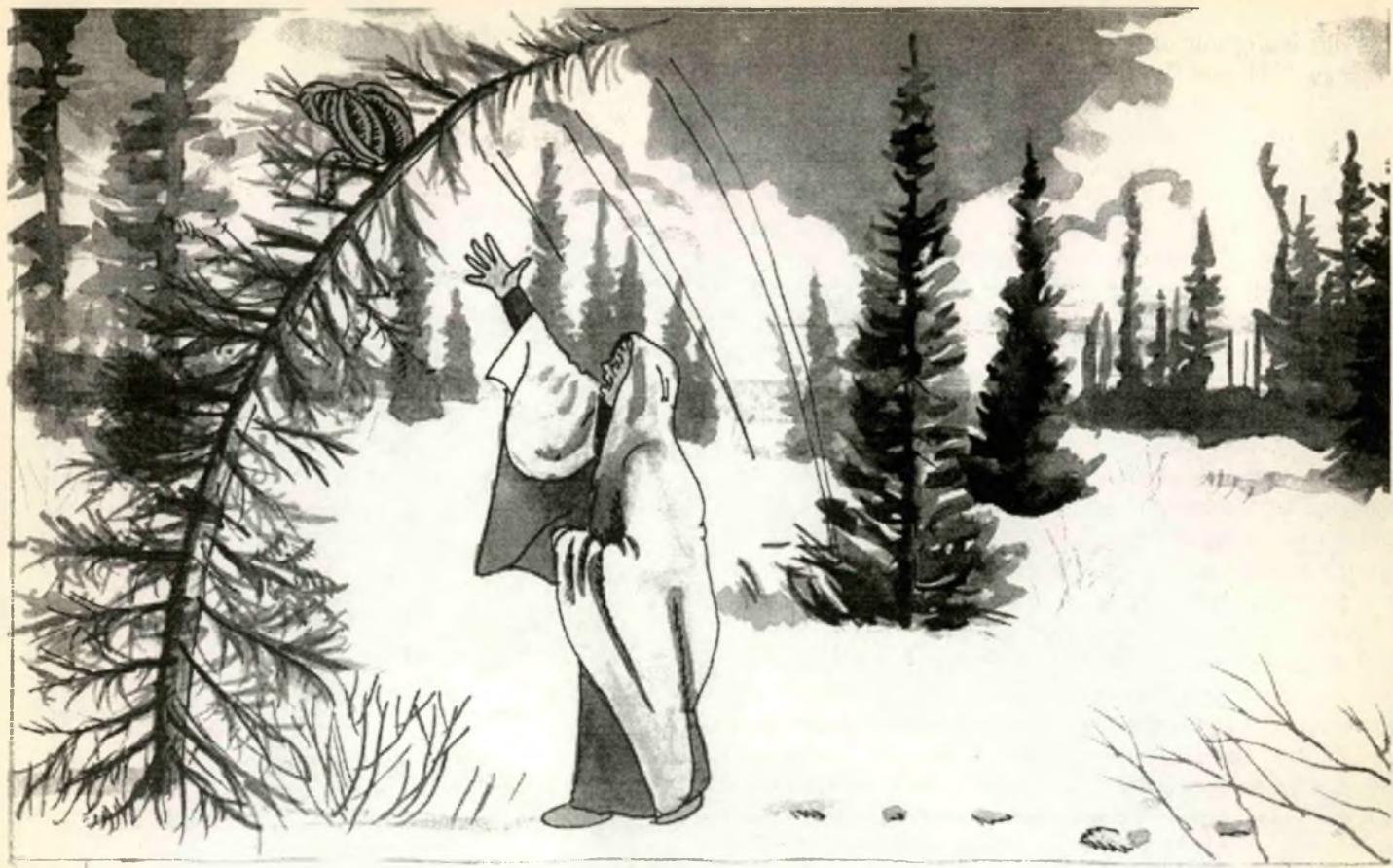


ILLUSTRATION BY JEAN - PIERRE PELCHAT

Maybe I lost it in the snow as I prepared my toboggan." She left her toboggan and she went back. She reached the spot where the moose had been butchered and where she prepared her toboggan. She looked around for her tripe. She couldn't find it. "Where is my tripe?" She checked around in the snow and didn't find anything. She was about to give up and she looked up in one of the trees. There it was. The tripe was hanging up in the tree. "My foolish son, why did he do that?" She reached up to get her tripe but the tree stretched up. She couldn't reach her tripe. Every time she would try to reach up, the tree stretched upwards. She was getting furious. "This damn tree was probably told to do this!" In her rage, she ripped the tree down and grabbed her tripe. She headed back to her toboggan.

She was very certain that her son had been instructed to work against her. She reached her toboggan and began to drag it. She headed back for her camp. Her load didn't fit between the trees as she went on. She was filled with anger. She kept dragging her load. When she reached the thick trees and her toboggan didn't fit, she pulled with such force that the trees broke.

She finally reached her camp. She saw her two young sons peaking out of the lodge. She yelled at them, "These boys must've finished their brother's grease! Why did you eat it?" She gave them a whack and the boys fell back into the lodge. She rushed in. "That woman killed them!" Her two young sons were killed. She ran towards the other lodge. The woman was gone and had disappeared with her son.

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She was going out of her mind. She ran towards her belongings. "Tell me! Tell me! Tell me!" She asked every object she had but all her belongings responded, "I cannot tell you. She fed me." She ran out of her lodge and ran towards the area where she chopped firewood. "Tell me! Tell me!" she asked the stumps and the snapped branches. They all gave her the same answer, "I cannot tell you. She fed me."

She then remembered her old bag where she had kept her old comb. She thought, "Maybe she forgot that one." She ran back towards her lodge. She rummaged around in her bag for her old comb. "Tell me, my little comb." The comb replied, "Yes, I will tell you because she didn't feed me." "Hurry up, tell me." "Yes, she did leave with her baby." "Where? Where did she go with the baby?" "The direction where you got her baby from, that's where she's heading." She threw her old comb aside. She ran outside. She hurried towards the young woman's lodge. She noticed that she had removed her entrance bundle and this was the way she had gone.

Shiikuish was hunting down the young woman and her son. As she followed her tracks, she noticed the spots where she had stopped to make a fire and the places where she camped over night. As the young woman fled from Shiikuish, she heard Shiikuish running after her. The old woman Shiikuish called out, "Shiikuish, bring back my child!" She was getting closer. The young woman took her husband's awl and placed it behind her toboggan. A river of sharp needles sprang up all the way to the horizon. The young woman continued her journey with her baby. Shiikuish reached the sharp needles, that sprang up and couldn't go any further. She ran along the edge but the sharp needles stretched out to the horizon and she went the other way but it was the same thing on the other side. There was no way to get around. She was so enraged and she simply ran into the sharp needles and her feet were pierced with each step she took. When she got to the other side, she continued to chase down the young woman.

Shiikuish was running again. Then the young woman heard Shiikuish behind again. "Shiikuish, bring back my child!" She was getting closer. The young woman put her hide scraper behind her toboggan. This time, sharp blades sprang up as far as the eye could see. Shiikuish reached the sharp knives and couldn't go any further. She ran along the edge but she couldn't see the end and she ran the other way and couldn't see the end either. There was no way to get around. Shiikuish was furious. She ran over the sharp knives. The soles of her feet completely sliced open. When she got to the other side, she began to run again.

As the young woman moved on, she heard Shiikuish calling out to her again. "Shiikuish, bring back my child!" She was getting closer. She took out her husband's sharpening stone and put it behind her toboggan. A smooth stone cliff sprang up and couldn't be climbed. The young woman saw a large worm on the ground. She told the worm "Stay here. When Shiikuish reaches you, she'll ask you to help her because she'll think that you've helped me. Help her but when you burrow into the stone, make it smaller as you go." The giant worm agreed. The young woman ran off with her

baby.

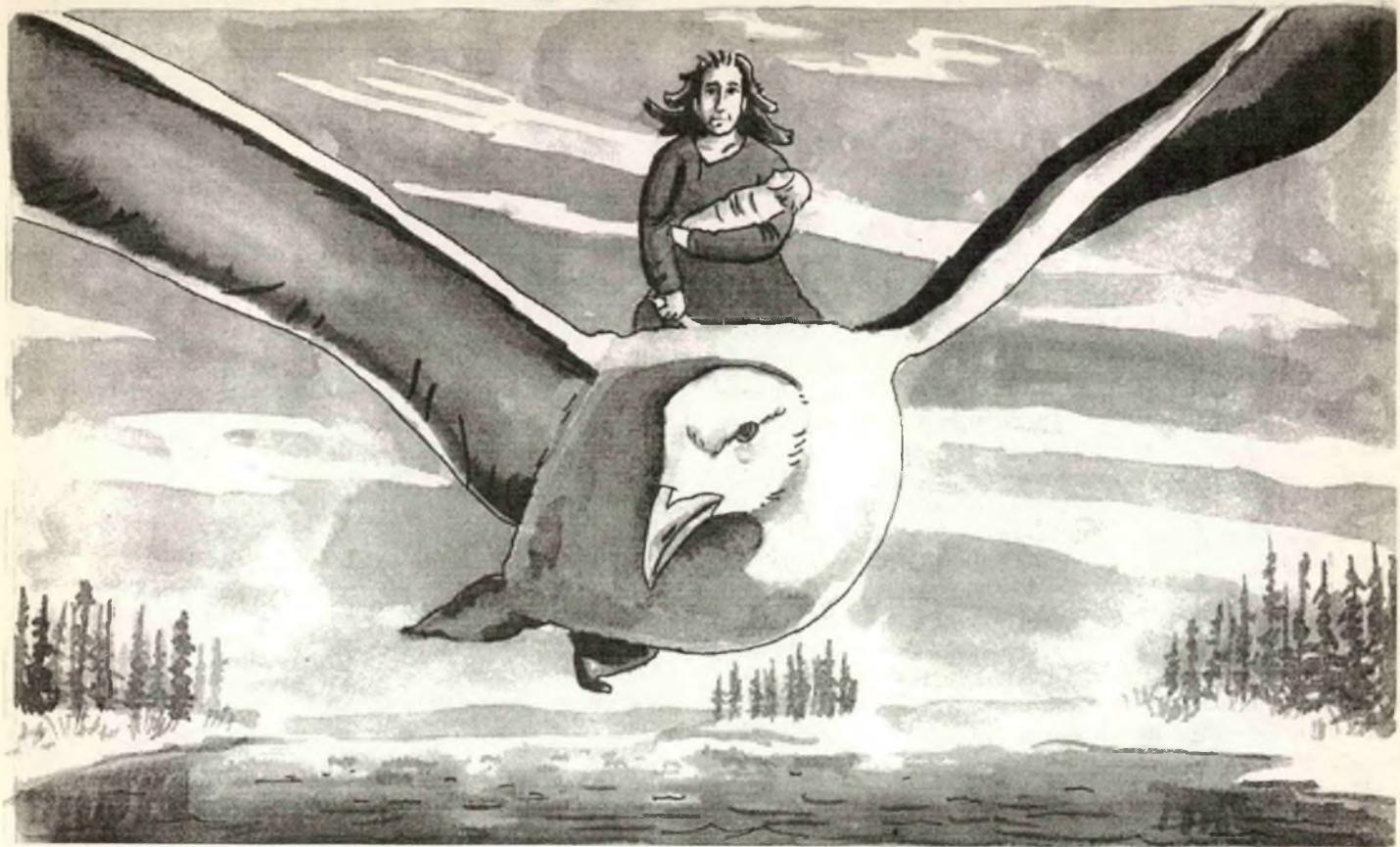
Shiikuish reached the stone cliff that couldn't be climbed. She ran along the edge but it stretched as far as the eye could see and she ran the other way but she couldn't see the end either. She noticed a giant worm on the ground. She said to it, "Worm, help me. You've probably helped the one who angers me." "Yes, I did help her because she asked me to." "Hurry up! Help me." The giant worm began to gnaw its way into the stone cliff. At first it was a large hole and Shiikuish was behind the worm. But Shiikuish was impatient. "Hurry up!" As the worm was gnawing the stone, Shiikuish kept pushing the worm and the burrow got smaller. Shiikuish was getting cramped inside the burrow. As they were getting closer to the other side, it was getting tighter for Shiikuish to fit. Shiikuish was so determined to get to the other side. She kept wriggling forward. It was getting so tight that Shiikuish crushed her shoulders and ripped off her arms. She was finally out. She had no arms but she kept on running.

As the young woman moved on, she heard Shiikuish calling out to her, "Shiikuish, bring back my child!" She was still trying to raise the baby even though she had no arms. As the young woman was trying to get away, Shiikuish was getting closer. "Shiikuish, bring back my child!" As Shiikuish got closer, the young woman took out her husband's flint and placed it behind her toboggan. A wall of fire suddenly roared, stretched both ends towards the horizon. The young woman left again with her baby. Shiikuish reached the wall of fire and couldn't go any further. She ran along the edge but couldn't see the end and she ran the other way and it was the same. She simply jumped into the fire to get across. All her hair was burnt off including her eyebrows.

Shiikuish kept on running after the young woman. "Shiikuish, bring back my child!" As the woman fled, Shiikuish got closer. The young woman took out her husband's beaver tooth. As she was going to turn around to put it behind her toboggan, she dropped it. The beaver tooth fell in front of her. Suddenly, a great river broke open in front of her. Shiikuish was already getting close. The young woman thought, "Shiikuish will reach me for sure." She began to cry. She took her baby and went down to the shore and sat there.

Suddenly, someone spoke to her. "Grandchild, why do you cry?" She replied, "Shiikuish is chasing me. She wants to take my baby. She is already close." It was a giant seagull talking to her. The young woman said, "Grandfather, take me across the river." The giant seagull agreed. "Sit on my back." The young woman sat down with her baby on the giant seagull's back. The giant seagull took flight. They flew across the river. They landed on the other side. She told the giant seagull to go back across the river. "Shiikuish is on her way. She'll ask you to fly her across. Tell her that you will take her across. When you're half way, flip in mid-air." The giant seagull flew back to the other side of the river. He floated near the shore.

Shiikuish reached the great river and ran down towards the shore. She called out to the giant seagull, "Seagull, take me across the river. You've probably helped the one who



angers me." "Yes, I took her across because she told me to." Shiikuish got on the giant seagull's back. The giant seagull said, "Easy, my back is itchy." She stamped her feet, "What have you been using your damn back for, since it's so itchy?" Shiikuish was rough on the seagull's back. "Ouch! You're hurting me." The giant seagull took flight and flew straight up. When he was in the middle of the river, he flipped over. Shiikuish couldn't hold on and she fell off and she splashed into the river.

On the other side of the river, the young woman prepared for Shiikuish. She chopped down some trees and sharpened the ends. She had her husband's crooked knife. She made her spears. She saw Shiikuish swimming towards her. As Shiikuish got closer to the shore, the young woman threw her spears at her. Shiikuish's skull was broken open. Her brains spilled out. As her brains washed down the river, beluga whales came up to breathe. The young woman said, "Stop trying to take our baby. Look down the river. Look at the way you're shape shifting." They saw many whales were surfacing to breathe. "You'd be better off to stay that way. I'll raise this child. When the people walk the earth in the future, they will be happy when they'll try to catch you." Shiikuish said, "Shiikuish, I will stay like this." The young woman asked, "Are you happy to stay as the whale?" "Yes, I really am." Shiikuish stopped chasing after the young woman and this was how the beluga whale came to be. Shiikuish turned into the beluga whale. This is the legend I've heard told.

White Privilege

[Note: This article originally appeared in the Baltimore Sun newspaper.]

Here's what white privilege sounds like: I'm sitting in my University of Texas office, talking to a very bright and very conservative white student about affirmative action in college admissions, which he opposes and I support. The student says he wants a level playing field with no unearned advantages for anyone. I ask him whether he thinks that being white has advantages in the United States. Have either of us, I ask, ever benefited from being white in a world run mostly by white people? Yes, he concedes, there is something real and tangible we could call white privilege.

So, if we live in a world of white privilege, unearned white privilege - how does that affect your notion of a level playing field? I asked. He paused for a moment and said, "That really doesn't matter." That statement, I suggested to him, reveals the ultimate white privilege: The privilege to acknowledge that you have unearned privilege but to ignore what it means. That exchange led me to rethink the way I talk about race and racism with students. It drove home the importance of confronting the dirty secret that we white people carry around with us every day: in a world of white privilege, some of what we have is unearned. I think much of both the fear and anger that comes up around discussions of affirmative action has its roots in that secret. So these days, my goal is to talk open and honestly about white supremacy and white privilege.

White privilege, like any social phenomenon, is complex. In a white supremacist culture, all white people have privilege, whether or not they are overtly racist themselves. There are general patterns, but such privilege plays out differently depending on context and other aspects of one's identity (in my case, being male gives me other kinds of privilege).

Rather than try to tell others how white privilege has played out in their lives, I talk about how it has affected me.

I am as white as white gets in this country. I am of northern European heritage and I was raised in North Dakota, one of the whitest states in the country. I grew up in a virtually all-white world surrounded by racism, both personal and institutional. Because I didn't live near a reservation, I didn't even have exposure to the state's only numerically significant nonwhite population, American Indians.

I have struggled to resist that racist training and the racism of my culture. I like to think I have changed, even though I routinely trip over the lingering effects of that internalized racism and the institutional racism around me. But no matter how much I "fix" myself, one thing never changes - I walk through the world with white privilege.

What does that mean? Perhaps most importantly, when I seek admission to a university, apply for a job, or hunt for an apartment, I don't look threatening. Almost all of the people evaluating me look like me - they are white. They see in me a reflection of themselves - and in a racist world, that is an advantage. I smile. I am white. I am one of them. I am not dangerous. Even when I voice critical opinions, I am cut some slack. After all, I'm white.

My flaws also are more easily forgiven because I am white. Some complain that affirmative action has meant the university is saddled with mediocre minority professors. I have no doubt there are minority faculty who are mediocre, though I don't know very many. As Henry Louis Gates Jr. once pointed out, if affirmative action policies were in place for the next hundred

by Robert Jensen

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years, it's possible that at the end of that time the university could have as many mediocre minority professors as it has mediocre white professors. That isn't meant as an insult to anyone, but it's a simple observation that white privilege has meant that scores of second-rate white professors have slid through the system because their flaws were overlooked out of solidarity based on race, as well as on gender, class and ideology.

Some people resist the assertions that the United States is still a bitterly racist society and that the racism has real effects on real people. But white folks have long cut other white folks a break. I know, because I am one of them. I am not a genius - as I like to say, I'm not the sharpest knife in the drawer. I have been teaching full time for six years and I've published a reasonable amount of scholarship. Some of it is the unexceptional stuff one churns out to get tenure, and some of it, I would argue, is worth reading. I worked hard, and I like to think that I'm a fairly decent teacher. Every once in a while, I leave my office at the end of the day feeling like I really accomplished something. When I cash my pay check, I don't feel guilty. But, all that said, I know I did not get where I am by merit alone. I benefited from among other things, white privilege. That doesn't mean that I don't deserve my job, or that if I weren't white I would never have gotten the job. It means simply that all through my life, I have soaked up benefits for being white.

All my life I have been hired for jobs by white people. I was accepted for graduate school by white people. And I was hired for a teaching position by the predominantly white University of Texas, headed by a white president, in a college headed by a white dean and in a department with a white chairman that at the time had one nonwhite tenured professor. I have worked hard to get where I am, and I work hard to stay there. But to feel good about myself, and my work, I do not have to believe that "merit" as defined by white people in a white country, alone got me here. I can acknowledge that in addition to all that hard work, I got a significant boost from white privilege. At one time in my life, I would not have been able to say that, because I needed to believe that my success in life was due solely to my individual talent and effort. I saw myself as the heroic American, the rugged individualist. I was so deeply seduced by the culture's mythology that I couldn't see the fear that was binding me to those myths.

Like all white Americans, I was living with the fear that maybe I didn't really deserve my success, that maybe luck and privilege had more to do with it than brains and hard work. I was afraid I wasn't heroic or rugged, that I wasn't special. I let go of some of that fear when I realized that, indeed, I wasn't special, but that I was still me. What I do well, I still can take pride in, even when I know that the rules under which I work in are stacked to my benefit. Until we let go of the fiction that people have complete control over their fate - that we can will ourselves to be anything we choose - then we will live with that fear.

White privilege is not something I get to decide whether I want to keep. Every time I walk into a store at the same time as a black man and the security guard follows him and leaves me alone to shop, I am benefiting from white privilege. There is not space here to list all the ways in which white privilege plays out in our daily lives, but it is clear that I will carry this privilege with me until the day white supremacy is erased from this society.

Next Issue- the responses Robert Jensen received

Section 35 of the Indian Act

By Joseph R. Linkevici, LL.B

Many people are not familiar with the real scope and actions of Section 35 of the Indian Act. Section 35 of the Indian Act allows the provincial or territorial government to take land away from the reserves for "public purposes." These could include rights of way for power, gas and telephone transmission lines, railroads, highways and other methods of transportation as well as irrigation ditches. The original purpose is to provide a single right of way to the utility that needs a way through the reserve lands to get a continuous parcel for their use. In the case of the Osoyoos Indian Band, the irrigation ditch delivered water from an off-reserve source to an off-reserve point of delivery. For the most part, the land was expropriated from the reserve land base and no longer is included in the Indian Reserve. Often, these rights of way go all the way through the reserve, thereby cutting the land base into pieces. As well, rights of way that go through privately owned land are included in the right of way, and no longer belong to the people who "owned" the rest of the land. Sometimes, the provisions of the right of way are conditional so if it is no longer required for that particular purpose it reverts back to the reserve land base.

Of course, compensation was often paid to the Band, and if the Band goes back to these original agreements, they might be surprised to find that the Band wanted additional conditions placed on the original taking of the land. These could include additional land being bought and added to the reserve land base or could just be money. The Osoyoos Indian Band was promised additional land in addition to money. The additional land was never purchased and added to the reserve, but the money was received.

When Section 35 has been used, the land was often to a third party, whether it be the power, gas or telephone company, the railroad, or the provincial or territorial government in the case of highways. When this has happened, the land is gone forever from the reserve land base and can no longer be returned. The basic understanding that exists on this subject is that if a parcel of land has been "taken" from the reserve land base as a result of action under Section 35, it is no longer accessible to the Band in any fashion.

The recent Supreme Court of Canada decision, *Osoyoos Indian Band v. Town of Oliver*, now allows an Indian Band to tax these rights of way under certain conditions. It would appear that certain parts of Section 35 and a conditional granting of the right of way may now mean that even though the third party may "own" the land, they may only "own" the surface of the land for the purposes of their right of way. What is called the "underlying title" may remain with the reserve land base in such a way that a



Band now has the right of taxation. The Band may be able to tax the right of way based on land use and the value of what exists on the surface in the way of improvements.

It is very important to look at each of these rights of way that go through the reserve and that have been given to third parties. As in the case with the Osoyoos Indian Band, the use of the right of way was only for an irrigation ditch, which meant that perhaps at some point in the future, the right of way may no longer be needed for that particular purpose. It also meant that by this definition, and how the right of way was originally "taken" from the reserve land base in the early 1900s, the Osoyoos Indian Band now can tax the right of way owned by the province.

In order to uncover the reality of this new scope of taxation authority, each Band has the obligation to understand the real meaning of Section 35 of the Indian Act. It also means that the Band must understand what that means to each and every right of way going through the reserve that has been "taken" in the past.

As a result of the *Osoyoos Indian Band v. Town of Oliver* decision, a whole new potential source of income can be accessible to the Band. A Band which enjoys taxation authority and has various rights of way going through their reserve as a result of Section 35 action should seriously look at their ability to now tax these lands for additional income.

The Value of Our Ways:

by Donald Nicholls

We know that traditional knowledge of Aboriginal peoples predates science and modern thinking by hundreds of years but let's look at some comparisons to judge the value of our knowledge.

What about the field of medicine? Did you know that the vast majority of medication on the market comes from Aboriginal societies? Scientists have found that if they consult Aboriginals, they have a one in two chance of discovering the healing properties of a plant as opposed to a one in 10,000 chance if they rely on their own knowledge and equipment. In fact, Aboriginal knowledge of medicines supports a multi-billion-dollar pharmaceutical industry. Further, it is estimated that the herbal remedies market is also in the billions per year. What does this mean for Aboriginals? Very little, even though researchers and scientists come to Aboriginal communities to study and ask questions concerning our treatment of illnesses, it is the pharmaceutical companies that take the knowledge and make profits with nothing redirected back to the holders of that knowledge. How many times have you gone to a doctor and not been given a prescription? So, what do we do? Catalogue our traditional cures and patent them to make them the communal property of our nations. Then profits can be redirected back to the rightful holders of the knowledge. A traditional remedy for back or joint pain could be worth billions of dollars.

What about the field of environment and natural resource management? On issues of nature, Aboriginal peoples know more about life cycles, habitat and behaviour of animals in their territory than any scientist. While scientists are learning how to study animals in their natural environment, Aboriginals have lived with them and relied upon them for subsistence for generations. Not only that, Aboriginal peoples have been in the business of successful wildlife management long before words like conservation or wildlife reserves were used. Who knows more about the fragility of nature – trees, land, water, plants and wildlife – than the Aboriginal societies that have lived there for hundreds of years? They have seen how, when and whether at all nature will rebound from potential devastating events.

In Central America, a group of Aboriginals have been growing naturally colored cotton for years instead of dying it. A scientist went down there and patented it and is selling it as an environmentally friendly alternative in the clothing business and making millions. No



money has been given to the Aboriginals who developed this cotton and they live in Third World conditions.

What about psychology? The treatment of patients in society seeks to place them in isolation to work on a particular problem at a given time. Aboriginal treatments of people are holistic. Healing circles and traditional methods seek not only to cure the individual as a whole (mind, body, spirit) but involves people who are a part of the individual's life. It takes a community approach in recognition of the importance of creating a better environment in the process of helping the individual heal and grow.

In the field of business, the measure of success is the bottom line of a deal or in the case of society the Gross Domestic Product (GDP). The GDP is the indicator of all money activities happening in a given year. The higher the amount has always been viewed as better. The problem is that it includes misery as good for society such as divorces or outbreaks of disease. They are good because people are spending more money on lawyers and doctors.

Traditional Knowledge

Another example of what is good for the economy is the destruction of the environment and non-renewable resources generates money in terms of jobs for workers tearing up what cannot be replaced. There is a recent move to replace the GDP with the Genuine Progress Indicator, which would not only look at the money but also include the costs of damage to our lives, health, environment, employment and families. Aboriginal perspectives of life and interactions have always sought to look at how each action will impact on others, the land, the animals and the environment. There is a connection between all things on this earth and we are a part of that. Bottom lines have always been inferior methods of determining what is good for us.

Aboriginal knowledge of history goes beyond what archeologists or anthropologists can piece together of the past in their territories. Oral history of Aboriginals have described people, events and family histories in detail. Scientists and researchers are collectors of artifacts but for an understanding of its origin, purpose or history they often turn to Aboriginal groups. Collectors and museums worldwide value Aboriginal artifacts in the billions.

Lately, it has been our spirituality that has been compared to the rankings of Tibetan ancient knowledge and other highly evolved spiritual thought or enlightenment. It is the pureness of our connection to the universe and our environment that brings us to places beyond modern institutions. It is the native ability to walk in harmony with creation and to see the goodness of the Creator in all things that is garnering popularity.

Traditional knowledge passed down through hundreds of years of oral history and experiences carries with it a value vital to the cultures and societies of Aboriginal peoples that go beyond the billion dollar industries that it supports in the modern world. It holds immense importance and opportunities for Aboriginal peoples wishing to use it.



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The Dogs Licks

Lakota Woman

Written by Mary Crow Dog and Richard Erdoes. Published by Harper Perennial, 1991

-Reviewed by Will Nicholls

This is the story of a Lakota woman, hence the title, who started life as Mary Brave Bird.

She was born into a reservation world that Crees know well. When

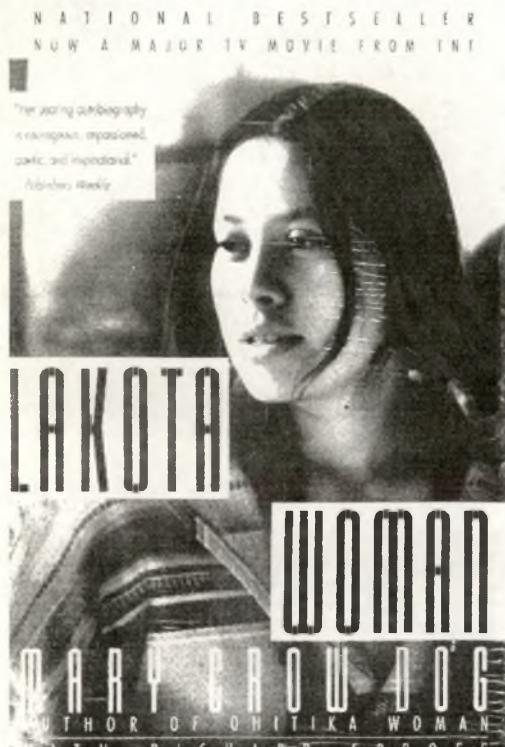
she was born there was no electricity, running water, indoor toilets or other such basics of the 20th century found outside of reservation life in the late sixties and seventies. The Sioux, like the Cree, had strong family ties that allowed them to overcome these apparent difficulties. But progress brought something else in the form of alcohol and violence amidst a corrupt band council and reserve police on the Pine Ridge Reserve.

This book looks at the events leading up and beyond Wounded Knee and the incarceration of Leonard Peltier.

You find that Brave Bird, who would become Mary Crow Dog, was a good friend of Anna Mae, a Micmac woman who lost her life in mysterious circumstances.

The book makes both Peltier and Anna Mae more than symbols, it makes them people that you understand and sympathize with.

It is a moving story of a woman, who had her child under gunfire during the Wounded Knee siege, that has gone on to create a better life from the start she was given.



It is a book I would recommend to anyone who needs to know that there are always second chances if you only work for it. It is a story you will find uplifting.

Black Elk Speaks Out

-reviewed by

Neil Diamond

I've read a lot of books. I read so many there's some I've read twice, thrice even. There is so much great writing to be read today there aren't many books you can read twice.

I first read *Black Elk Speaks* before I understood much of what I was reading. There's still, I found, sections I don't understand. I'll have to attempt a third reading after it's returned by someone who still hasn't returned the last book I loaned him.

John G. Neihardt's *Black Elk Speaks* was once referred to as The Bible of Native American spirituality. It tells the story and philosophy of a Lakota visionary, warrior, healer and actor, Nicholas Black Elk.

Black Elk was born in the year 1863 when the Sioux still roamed free on the American Plains. He lived to see the passing of a way of life and witness the new harsher reality on a reservation.

Despite that, Black Elk led a full life. He toured the Old World with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and met Queen Victoria. He was also a cousin of Crazy Horse. He recalls sitting at his feet listening to him tell their legends. As a young boy he witnessed the battle of the Little Big Horn where Custer's 7th Cavalry was "massacred."

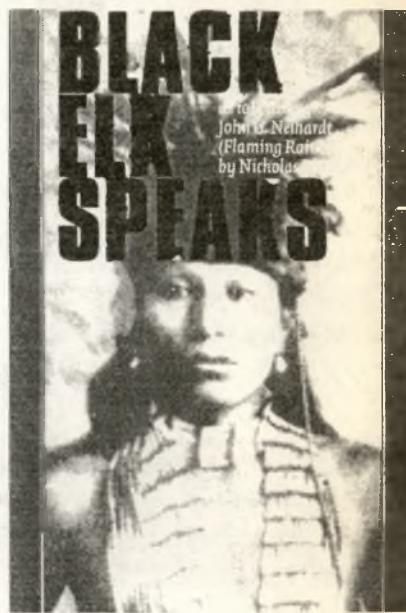
He was still very young when he started having visions. Much of the book recalls what he saw in the "Outer World." Black Elk tells of a journey to see the "Grandfathers" who show him the fate of his people.

The seriousness of some sections of the book is broken up by everyday stories of Sioux life and also one hysterical story of young High Horse trying to find a wife.

It's the kind of book that can make you laugh and cry.

Black Elk was first published in 1932. It has been reissued five times since then. It was particularly popular with hippies and other wannabes in the 60's.

Nicholas Black Elk died in 1950.



Medicine That Walks

by Maureen K. Lux.
Published by University of Toronto Press, 2001
-Will Nicholls

This book looks at disease, medicine and the Plains Natives from 1880-1940. It has all the statistics you might want and more. **A quote I like is from the beginning of the book:**

"From the Treaty they took everything away, the diet, the way of life; all that was put on the earth by the Great Spirit. The new diet made the people weaker."

It was almost the same thing one of the Elders in Mistissini told me. After I had gone on a Wellness Journey I commented to Evadney Gunner that my stomach hadn't bothered me the entire trip. She told me that it was because I was eating too much of the white man's food and that my body had grown up with country or wild food. She said that I needed to eat it more to be healthy. An interesting concept that was arrived at by two different people across the country from each other.

This book talks about that balance and shows the racism that said Natives were responsible for their own bad health with dietary changes. It talks about the biological invasion accompanied by military, economic and cultural invasions with forced settlement on small reserves.

Well, it says a lot more than that but you'll have to get this book to see it. It is more than just a reference book, it is an integral part of First Nations history.



A Visit in Time: Ancient Places, Archaeology and Stories from the Elders of Wemindi.

by David Denton
review by Will Nicholls

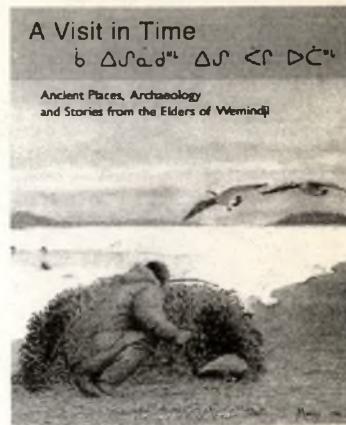
I asked David Denton to sum up this book in a couple of sentences. His reply was,

"This is an absolutely fantastic book. Buy it for yourself, buy it for your grandparents, by it for your kids, and get two copies for your dog."

My brother once told me that Native Peoples don't really have an oral history. He said that the history is written on the pages of the land. That if you went some place with an Elder he or she would say that something happened in this place or not to point to that island and why.

That's why a book like this one is important. We talk about the disappearing of our Elders. This is not true as there are Elders coming into existence everyday but in reality we are losing that generation of Elders who knew no residential school and lived only in the bush. They are the storytellers and the keepers of Cree history. That in a nutshell is what makes this book important. This book is about places that mark the history of the Wemindi Iiyiyuuch. It tells their stories of these places and of historical figures associated with them. It tells part of the Wemindi peoples' story using three different sources of information: archaeology, oral traditions and historical records. The Elders played a big part, sharing stories and identifying interesting sites for exploration.

So, as David Denton said, "This is an absolutely fantastic book. Buy it for yourself, buy it for your grandparents, by it for your kids, and get two copies for your dog." Hopefully more Cree bands will follow the Wemindi example.



Top 15 Fiction Bestsellers

1. <i>Skipping Christmas</i> , John Grisham, Doubleday, \$19.95.	7. <i>Jackdaws</i> , Ken Follett, Dutton, \$26.95.	12. <i>He Sees You When You're Sleeping</i> , Mary Clark, Higgins Simon & Schuster, \$20
2. <i>One Door Away from Heaven</i> , Dean Koontz Bantam, \$26.95.	8. <i>A Bend in the Road</i> , Nicholas Sparks, Warner, \$23.95.	13. <i>Journey Through Heartsongs</i> , Mattie J.T. Stepanek VSP Books, \$14.95.
3. <i>The Corrections</i> , FRANZEN, Jonathan Farrar Straus & Giroux, \$26.	9. <i>The Best-Loved Poems of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis</i> , Caroline Kennedy, Hyperion, \$21.95.	14. <i>The Fiery Cross</i> , Diana Gabaldon, Delacorte, \$27.95
4. <i>Violets are Blue</i> , James Patterson Little, Brown, \$27.95.	10. <i>Desecration</i> , Tim LaHaye, Tyndale, \$24.99	15. <i>Flesh and Blood</i> , Jonathan Kellerman, Random House, \$26.95.
5. <i>Basket Case</i> , Carl Hiaasen, Knopf, \$25.95.	11. <i>The Sigma Protocol</i> , Robert Ludlum, St. Martin's, \$27.95.	
6. <i>Last Man Standing</i> , David Baldacci, Warner, \$26.95.		



The Cree Board of Health & Social Services of James Bay

is Presently Preparing for the Launching of the

Cree Home and Community Care Program For the Elderly and Disabled Persons

This program is culturally oriented. It promotes, restores, and maximizes the level of independence, while minimizing the effects of different disability and illness.

The elderly who are in loss of autonomy and the disabled persons that require assistance to sustain activity of daily living at home will now have access to a variety of services such as social services, home care nursing, rehabilitation services, home support services and nutritional counselling.

People in loss of autonomy represent persons of all ages who are experiencing temporarily or permanently a significant decrease on their ability to function at an optimal level in their everyday life. The cause of the loss of autonomy can be physical, intellectual or psychological.

For example, a child with multiple disabilities, who is a wheelchair user, can experience a loss of autonomy just as an adult adjusting to the consequences of a stroke or surgery or an elderly person who needs assistance in his/her daily activity.

The Cree Home and Community Care Program is not intended to replace the support of the family or community but rather to assist the family and the caregivers in providing care. Our philosophy is still that the family keeps caring for its loved ones to the maximum extent possible before these services are provided.

For more information, call 819.855.2844 ext. 5211 (MOU Team)

Services expected to be in place for Spring 2002

Look for future job postings in the Nation.



JOB OPPORTUNITY

POSITION: RECEPTIONIST

REFERENCE NUMBER: 15-30-012-10/01

LOCATION: LAVAL

The Cree Construction & Development Company Ltd (CCDC) is presently seeking a Receptionist for its office in Laval.

Under the authority of the Financial Accounting Analyst, the receptionist receives and directs all incoming calls, does the regular upkeep of the telephone system, opens internal mail, sorts, stamps and distributes mail, prepares couriers, does maintenance of stamp machine, prepares deposits, enters daily journal entries in the computerized system, files purchase orders and requisitions, keeps some electronic cost charts and performs unforeseen tasks required by the administrative sector.

Employment Requirements:

- Secretarial diploma or in a related field or have equivalent professional experience;
- Experience in a similar position;
- Appropriate computer skills (Excel-Word-Access-accounting or payroll programs) is a definite asset;
- Must speak, read and write in English and French;
- Knowledge of the Cree language is a definite asset;
- Must have a basic knowledge of accounting.

The company offers complete benefit programs and the salary will commensurate with qualifications and experience. This position is available to both men and women.

APPLICATION DEADLINE: February 28, 2002

You can either fax your resume to the following number or mail to:

Robert Baribeau-Human Resources Advisor

The Cree Construction and Development Company Ltd.
187-B Main Street P.O. Box Office 1011

Mistissini, Quebec
G0W 1C0

Fax: 418-923-2050

Please write the reference number on your application

Dealing with the Cold

Xavier Kataquapit

I went out for a walk today with a friend of mine and got my first blast of freezing winter weather. We were both prepared for the weather and were bundled up in warm winter jackets, an extra layer of clothes, toques, mitts and heavy boots. It has always been natural for me to prepare for the cold and sometimes it seems that I get carried away. When I first came to live in the south, my friends found it strange that in addition to winter, in the spring and fall I wore an extra pair of socks and long underwear.

I developed this need to stay warm from living in extreme cold weather up north in my home community of Attawapiskat on the James Bay coast. Winter is a big deal in my remote home community. The snow and ice bring a new found freedom to travel and move about more freely. In the summer it is harder to travel over lakes, rivers and through muskeg.

My experience of winter in Attawapiskat had to do with dressing from head to foot in an armor of clothes. During the coldest months we wore many layers of clothes to keep ourselves warm. Most people in the community had big families and that meant that we shared a lot of hand me downs. Still it wasn't easy for our parents to keep us in clothes and boots because we were all growing so fast.

In our home, my mother also spent a lot of time making winter clothing for our big family. Mom used the skin of caribou or moose and lined it with fox, beaver or mink fur to make hats for everyone, mitts for the younger children and fingered gloves for dad and the older children.

Dad and other trappers like him must have had to deal with a lot of cold weather over their lives. He stockpiled large amounts of firewood in the fall and made sure that in the winter our house always had a full log bin for the wood stove. The wood stove was our primary source of heat. Early every morning he stocked the remaining coals to build a new fire. By sunrise the house was unbearably hot and everyone was motivated to get out of bed. When we traveled in the early spring over the snow for geese hunting we stayed in canvas prospector tents in cold weather. Dad heated the tent the same way every morning and in the evenings with a small tin wood stove. I remember that little stove taking the chill out of the tent and at times glowing red hot.

Winter weather in the far north has been enjoyable for me but at the same time I was well aware of the danger in the cold. I learned at an early age never to lose my respect for the cold. I remember my father telling me when I first started riding a skidoo that a ten-minute ride on a snowmobile was comparable to an hour crawl back to safety if my machine had a problem. I was also warned not to travel alone in very cold temperatures.

I still love winter and I even enjoy shoveling snow from the driveway. I guess I am a creature of the cold and I feel best when I feel the cold, clean air in my lungs and I can look up into the clear winter sky and see thousands of stars.

CLASSIFIEDS

101 - BIRTHDAYS

Sending Birthday Greetings to Shawn Hester on January 19,02, and to Amanda Jonah on January 6,02 in Wask. From: Catherina, Miranda, Brandon and Michelle.

We would like to say Happy 4th Birthday to our daughter (who drives us crazy sometimes) Daleanna who will be celebrating her special day on January 19, 2002. Googoosh cannot make the birthday cake you requested for this year, she's in Chisasibi, but we'll look for a really nice cake here in Mtl. Hope you have a blast and luv ya! Mom & Dad.

I would like to say happy birthday to my sister Priscilla Whiskeychan on January 6, 2002. And to my cousin Lisa Gillies on January 12, 2001. Hope you'll have fun on birthdays. Once again Happy Birthday Ladies. From C.W. Wask.

Happy 25th birthday and many many more to come to Janie Pepabano in Chisasibi. From Sister Jennifer, brother-in-law Robert and baby Ethan Dixon. Her birthday is on January 26th.

I would like to say Happy 2nd Belated Birthday to Tara Bobbish who will be celebrating her birthday on the same day as mine, January 19, 2002. When can we celebrate this special day of ours together? Happy 1st Birthday to your little bro Dre-Lyn too on

January 2, 2002. Oh yeah, Tara stop that screaming of yours you'll drive your mom crazy! Love always Daleanna, XOXOXO

300 - PERSONALS

A big hello to my brother Archie Stephen in Montreal. I want you to know I miss you so much and I love you with all my heart. Oh, I was thinking of you on your birthday on Nov 12/2001. I wish you were here. So I could celebrate with you on your special day. Happy belated birthday, bro. Hope to see you soon. From your sis Melinda Hester (Wask) P.S. Take good care of yourself Luv ya Miss ya XOXOXOXOX

I would like to say hello to my cousin and friend Valerie Stephen. What's up girl. When are you coming back in Wask. I miss you a lot. I just can't wait to see you again. Don't party too much in Chibougamau. From your cuz and friend Melinda Hester ALL THE WAY FROM WASKAGANISH. P.S. Take care of yourself and enjoy life everyday. See ya!

To my dearest angel, you know who you are and just how precious you mean to my life. For I was living on my own, Feeling so dark and all alone, My heart so weak and life without a song, My heart kept searching for light, Every day and every night. But, At the perfect time, This very life of mine began to shine, That's when you came along, Heaven - sent to make me strong, An Angel to my life With wings of silvery light. To illuminate my nights and days, And

enlighten my life so bright always. Now, I'm so glad that I've found you, my dearest angel, so very precious and so beautiful. For I was living on my own, Feeling so dark and all alone, my heart so weak and life without a song, My heart kept searching for light. Every day and every night. But, At the perfect time, This very life of mine began to shine, That's when you came along, Heaven - sent to make me strong. With my love always, TP.



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